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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

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MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to announce that her classes for the practice of vocal concerted music (ladies only), will commence after Easter.—50, Bedford Square.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," composed expressly for her, by Emile Berger, at Faversham, March 15th.

MADLE. GEORGI AND MADLE. CONSTANCE GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Opera, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

Mlle. TITIENS will Sing Signor RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "Peacefully Slumber," throughout her Provincial Tour.

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MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 20A, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADMOISELLE LIEBHART.—All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, in London or the Provinces, for Mlle. Liebhart, to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, 244, Regent Street, or to Mlle. Liebhart's residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY," composed by W. Vincent Wallace, at Windsor, March 21st.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will Sing the "OCEAN SPIRIT'S SONG" (J. CHESHIRE), March 6, Maidstone; 7th, Hastings; 14th, Deal; 15th, Faversham; 23rd, Kennington; 24th, Clothworker's Hall; April 3rd, Nottingham; 14th, Faversham; 22nd, Beethoven Society; 25th, Greenwich; May 3rd, Drury Lane Theatre. An advertisement having appeared in the *Era*, of Sunday, Feb. 26, stating that a Mrs. Campbell Black had given "finishing lessons" to several artistes, and (amongst the rest) to Miss Rose Hersee, Miss R. H. begs to state that, as far as she is concerned, this assertion is utterly untrue. 2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent. W. C.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will Sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," Composed by A. REICHARDT, at the Beaumont Institution, March 13, and at Edinburgh, March 18.

MISS PALMER LISLE will Sing RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Mr. Dyson's Concert, Windsor, March 23.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing "BENEATH THE BLUE SKY" (a song of Venice). By Signor RANDEGGER, at Devonport, March 9th; Plymouth, 10th; Torquay, 11th; and Bristol, 13th.

MISS ELEONORA WILKINSON will sing Signor RANDEGGER's admired Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Torquay, March 11th.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs to announce his return to Town. Engagements for Oratorios and Concerts to be addressed, 63, Richmond Road, Westbourne Grove. W.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH begs to announce that he has returned from Paris.—30, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Solos, "Waverley," "Silver Ripples," and "Distant Music," at Carlisle, March 7th, Strathaven, March 8th, and Lanark, March 9th.

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HANS OYART OF COLOGNE.*

Hans Oyart served his new master with equal fidelity until the Duke's death, which happened in 1532. He was allowed to retain his place, with the same pay, by Johann's son and successor, Johann Friedrich, the Magnanimous, afterwards so unfortunate. This attachment to the Electoral house, the third member of which Oyart now served, was exhibited in a truly touching fashion in the calamity to which Johann Friedrich fell a victim after the battle of Mühlberg (24th April, 1547). While most of the retainers of the deposed and captured Duke, including Johannes Walther with his singers, and the whole chapel, hastened to their new Lord and Elector, Moritz, and offered him their services, Hans Oyart alone of all the musicians remained faithful to his unfortunate master. Although such a line of conduct could not fail to reduce him to poverty, there is no doubt that the noble-hearted man spurned enticing offers from the new sovereign. Like Lucas Kranach, the painter and burgomaster of Wittenberg, he preferred sharing the misfortune of his captive Lord to receiving favors from the latter's foes. A letter to the imprisoned Elector, dated "Torgau, Whitsuntide, 1547," expresses this feeling. In it he attempts to console the Elector for his great misfortune, offering, at the same time, to continue to serve him. He says he receives no more board-money, and no more salary. His board-money, like his salary, had up to then been consumed every week in his housekeeping, for which reason he has nothing in reserve and believes he shall be reduced to want. But even apart from this he is not inclined to enter the service of Duke Moritz, but is ready with joy to remain with, and follow, the Elector, in consideration of the gracious favors he has received from the Elector's cousin (uncle), and father, as well as from the Elector himself. On receipt of this communication the captive Duke at once made arrangements at Augsburg, where he was, for Hans von Cölln to remain with him. A passage connected with this subject in a letter to his son (Johann Friedrich, the Middle One, and Johann Wilhelm) runs as follows: "We have sent word to Johannes von Cölln and his son, because he will not remain under Duke Moritz, to proceed to Weimar, and perform his duties as before.—For this reason see that on his arrival his pay, and the sleeping-drink, as well as the board-money be given him, and issue orders that he be accommodated somewhere or other. By so acting, you will do us a favor."

Hans von Cölln proceeded accordingly with his family to Weimar, where the sons of Johann Friedrich, now deposed from his rank as Elector, henceforth fixed their abode. The musician, at present an old man, was followed by a wife and two sons. The elder, named Hans, like his father, was, also like him, a musician and organist. The younger, then perhaps 13 or 14 years of age, was called Gabriel, and must have felt a greater inclination for the sciences than for the noble art of music, as a passage from his after-life will show. In Weimar, everything concerning the ducal servants was regulated and settled, Hans Oyart receiving, with certain modifications, his former pay, as above stated, and consisting at present of 32 florins "for life," 8 florins "service-money on resignation," 10 groschens board-money weekly, summer and winter, clothing at court and 24 bushels of corn from the bailiwick of Torgau, and in addition, because "he proved himself so devoted after the defeat of his gracious prince," and "followed the court to Weimar," annually 4 runlets of beer, and 4 casks of wine, as "sleeping-draught," 8 florins house-rent, and 4 cords of wood.—With this motley salary, Hans Oyart and his family might have felt contented, and certainly have been enabled to lead a very pleasant life, free from care, especially as very soon afterwards other little items were added. Thus, like his father, Hans von Cölln the younger, received 15 ells of "lundsich" cloth for winter-clothing, and some few florins, for assisting his father in playing the organ (*Orgelschlagen*); furthermore, two "apprentices" were entrusted to the old Hans, and for these he received 15 florins, and a trailer

of corn. But all the salary business had a very dark side, inasmuch as that, though the salary was in Hans' hands in black and white, he never succeeded in touching it in reality. As early as the commencement of the year 1549, the aged musician begs the captive Duke to order his son, Duke Friedrich the Middle One, to let "only 20 florins of the 40 florins' balance" be paid, so that he, a "weak, old man" may not, with his family, be reduced to suffer want in the winter.

Though the captive prince may have been most desirous to take measures for rectifying the evils of which the faithful old musician complained, and, without doubt, sent his commands on the subject to his sons in Weimar, neither the 40 florins' balance, nor the 20 asked for, appear to have been paid. In the same year, 1549, Hans von Cölln again applies to his prince for the above 40 florins, but gives another reason for his request. On account of the badness and dearness of lodgings—he is obliged to pay 12 florins a year—he would fain purchase a small house, and as some person, from an especial feeling of friendship, is willing to let him have such a one in Weimar for 90 florins, he most humbly asks for the balance of 40 florins and an advance of 20 or 30 more. He ends by backing up his request with the words: "in order that a poor old man may have a certain shelter." The aged, wandering musician yearned for a permanent home for himself and family! Whether the prince granted this petition, I cannot state, though I can inform my readers that soon afterwards old Hans von Cölln found a lasting and better home. In the following year, 1550, he departed this life, which he had devoted with equal fidelity to his prince and to his art, taking with him, like many of his colleagues, into the grave the disenchanting certainty that the noble Lady Musica had fulfilled in only a very small part to the man of ripe age what she had promised the youth burning with enthusiasm in her cause.

Let me add a few words concerning the two sons of the old and forgotten Cologne master.

His father's lot did not, probably, appear too seductive to "young Hans of Cölln," who, also, became in time an excellent organist, for when Wolff Goldacker, in the Ducal Lord Chamberlain's office, wanted to engage him for life at the usual rate of payment, he resisted somewhat, though, compelled by hard necessity, he had to yield at last, and enter upon his father's duties. It is probable that anxiety for his old mother, whom he had to maintain, had something to do with his resolution. He lived to see, as ducal organist, the return from captivity, and entry into Weimar in 1552, of Johann Friedrich. Had "old Hans of Cölln" also survived so long, he would have been worthy, like Lucas Kranach, to make his entry into Weimar in the carriage and by the side of his sovereign. The approved fidelity of the musician was quite equal to that of the painter!—But the young Hans was reserved for more than this. In 1562, in addition to his post as organist he received another, that of "distributor of clothing," against which arrangement the whilom wardrobe-keeper, Lucas Ott, who was besides member of the guild of tailors, struggled violently, though without success. Four years later, in 1566, he even obtained his discharge, after having seen his sovereign, Duke Johann Friedrich the Middle One, fall beneath the ban pronounced against him. He shook the dust from off his feet and left Weimar, his poor mother having, probably, died and gone home to rejoin her old Hans, a fact which no doubt rendered the task of leaving easier for her son. Whither he went and what became of him, I am unable to say.

Gabriel, the younger son of the Cologne master, studied at the recently founded University of Jena. The two well-known theologians, Victorinus Strigel and Johannes Stigel wrote from there requesting the Duke to make the musician's son an allowance, because "he possessed talent, and might be useful to the country." Whether Gabriel Oyart obtained what the two scholars supposed he would, I can no more state, than I can mention aught concerning the after-fate of his musical brother. The gleaner and investigator must rest contented with this trifling amount of information culled from the dusty stores of the "gemeinschaftliches Archiv zu Weimar." It is not much, but, at any rate, it is sufficient to recall as it were to existence an old, forgotten master of Cologne, and an honest man, with his sons, and place him in the long and checkered ranks of his more or less celebrated colleagues and contemporaries.

May poor Hans of Cölln not again fall into oblivion!

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† For this clothing each man was allowed 15 ells "lundsich" (London) cloth, 15 ells fustian, 1½ ells of cloth for lining, and 3 ells of linen. The form and color of the clothing changed. Thus, at one time, the members of the chapel wore grey trunk-hose and stockings, with brown doublets, slashed, and, at another, smooth black doublets, with yellow trunk-hose and stockings in conjunction with a tall, round hat, having a very narrow brim, a small black plume, and neck poke of the same color, which covered the hair.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's colossal *Israel in Egypt* happily speaks for itself, no longer standing in need of extrinsic special pleading. If the directors of any great festival or choral society were rash enough to do what Handel was compelled to do on the 5th of April, 1739, the day after the first production of *Israel*—namely, advertise its next performance "with alterations and additions," or, still worse, what he felt equally impelled to do some days later—announce it for repetition "shortened and intermixed with songs," they would scarcely escape the obloquy richly deserved. Even the "organ concertos," with which the sublime musician—himself performer as well as composer—was wont to swell out the attractions and enliven the gravity of his oratorios, would not be listened to in the present day, however attractive the music, and however skilful the executant. Any interruption, indeed, to the majestic course of *Israel in Egypt*—whether in the historical narrative of the miracles of the Exodus, which constitutes the first part, or the recapitulation, amid strains of exultant praise, which forms the second—is no longer tolerated. The really appreciative element in our vast musical audiences is far more considerable than when the late Gresham Professor intermingled desultory songs, &c., with the first part of *Israel*—to lighten the monotony of the chain of choruses in which are set forth the infliction of the plagues and the miraculous delivery (!); and how much more considerable than when Handel was producing masterpiece after masterpiece, with astounding rapidity and checkered success, need hardly be insisted on. That the Sacred Harmonic Society—upheld by the tone of reverence which, with more or less knowledge of the subject, the modern press has almost unanimously assumed towards works of the highest excellence, and for which those who sneer at its comparative good nature in discussing smaller matters, should, at any rate allow it credit—have been chiefly instrumental in this marked advance of taste on the part of the musical public, is unquestionable. They have long believed with implicit faith in the superlative merits of Handel's great Biblical oratorio; they have long regarded it as a worthy companion to *The Messiah*; and they have consistently vindicated the faith within them by deeds that at length bear fruit. *Israel in Egypt*, always the cherished oratorio of musicians—"one of the greatest and most lasting musical pieces," as Mendelssohn calls it in his preface to the edition of the London Handel Society—is rapidly becoming just as much a favourite with amateurs. Of course, dilettanti who care for nothing but Italian cavatinas, English glees and ballads, French romances, and Thalbergian fantasias, are never likely to enter fully into the depth and grandeur, the picturesque beauty and unparalleled variety, of *Israel*; but these are, happily, not so numerous as might be imagined. Mr. A. Chappell is helping either to convert them or neutralize their influence at the Monday Popular Concerts—the parent oak which is spreading out branches in every direction, and effecting more good in a particular way than any institution ever previously set on foot for the regular exhibition of what is right and "classical" in the musical art.

On the whole, the first performance of *Israel* this season by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society was one of the best that have been heard in London. The major part of the choruses were given with amazing vigour and precision; and, although an exception or two might be taken, the general effect was more than satisfactory. An occasional unsteadiness in "He spake the word and there came all manner of flies" was more than atoned for by the almost faultless execution of the rest of the double choruses, and especially "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power"—even more strikingly bold, if less elaborate in design and lofty in conception, than "I will sing unto the Lord" (the "Horse and his rider"), which, with such magnificence, opens and terminates "Moses' Song of Thanksgiving." The two most important, complex, and difficult choruses in the second part—"With the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together," and "The people shall hear and be afraid"—were happy beyond precedent; while an unusual effect was produced by the grave and measured fugal chorus, "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble,"—taking into consideration the relation of the music to the words one of the most characteristically expressive in the entire oratorio, though very rarely attracting the notice which is its due. Of the wonderful series of choral movements descriptive of the plagues, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Enough that "He gave them hailstones" was overwhelming—the audience with one voice insisting on its being repeated; and that "The children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage," "They loathed to drink of the river," and "He sent a thick darkness," were alike admirable for precision and justness of intonation. In "But the waters overwhelmed them"—the stupendous climax to the "Rebuke" of the Red Sea—it would, in our opinion, be better if the united force of the brass instruments were not resorted to until near the conclusion, where the emphatic reiteration of the words, "not one of them was left," occurs.

The first appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves after the severe accident which has recently deprived the Sacred Harmonic and other institutions

of his services, imparted additional interest to this remarkable performance, and the hearty welcome with which our great tenor was greeted showed how pleased were the audience to see him once again at his post. Although, in accordance with a verbal statement from Mr. T. N. Harrison, President of the Committee, Mr. Reeves did not sing all the tenor music—the whole first part and the duet, "Thou in Thy mercy" (with Madame Sainton Dolby), in the second, being undertaken by his late zealous and thoroughly efficient substitute, Mr. Cummings—ample atonement was made by his splendid delivery of the famous declamatory air, "The enemy said, 'I will pursue,'" which created an impression not easy to describe. The hall rang with applause, which kept on increasing in vehemence until the popular singer rose to repeat the air. The second time was as effective as the first—more effective it could hardly have been. The other "encore" was awarded to the lengthy, dramatic, and obstreperous duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war"—the only piece in *Israel* which we may suppose to have been written as a *bond fide* display, without strict reference to the context. The belligerent singers on this occasion were Messrs. Weiss and Patey, who, in passage after passage of antagonistic emphasis, manfully contended, both fairly earning their laurels. Madame Rudersdorff gave the soprano music with an energy peculiar to herself, winning marked approval in the beautiful air, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," so noticeable for its ingenious "ground bass," a prominent feature of the orchestral accompaniment. In the duet, "The Lord is my strength," Madame Rudersdorff was associated with Miss Marian Moss, a young singer of very promising ability. The *contralto* part was in the practiced hands of Madame Sainton Dolby, whose genuine classical style imparted dignity even to the singularly quaint air, "Their land brought forth frogs," and whose second air, "Thou shalt bring them in," was one of the most finished exhibitions of the evening. In the duet, "Thou in Thy mercy," Madame Sainton found an able and congenial partner in Mr. Cummings. Altogether this performance of *Israel in Egypt* was calculated to maintain the high repute enjoyed by the Sacred Harmonic Society and its indefatigable conductor Mr. Costa.

The first rehearsal of the Great Handel Festival Choir, under Mr. Costa's direction, took place yesterday evening. The next oratorio performance will be Haydn's *Creation*, on Friday, the 24th of March.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Mr. C. L. Kenney's English version of *Le Médecin Malgre Lui*, music by M. Gounod, was produced last night, and achieved a success as complete and brilliant as it was well merited. In this opera the clever French composer has shown that he can enter into the spirit of genuine comedy just as easily as in *Faust* he has exhibited his ability to deal with sentiment and romance. At present, however, beyond stating that *The Mock Doctor* (Mr. Kenney having adopted the title given by Fielding to his adaptation of Molière) is put upon the stage in a style of the utmost efficiency; that the musical performance, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, was all that could be wished; and that Mr. H. Corri, by his impersonation of Dominique (the name which the French librettist substitutes for Molière's Sganarelle), has raised himself another step in public estimation we must postpone all remarks. Seldom has an opera passed off from beginning to end with more unflinching spirit, and no wonder; there is not a dull moment either in the music or the play.—*Times*.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—As the writer of the note in the Crystal Palace programme of Saturday in Mendelssohn's overture in C major, referred to in your interesting remarks of this morning, I wish to say that my authority for saying that the overture "appeared to have been first composed in 1825, and re-written for the Philharmonic Society in 1833," was grounded on the statement in Reitz's catalogue appended to the second volume of Mendelssohn's letters. Among the "unpublished works," he gives "Grand Overture in C, 1825, performed at the Musical Festival at Düsseldorf, Whiteuntide, 1833" (English edition, page 46). That the overture performed at Düsseldorf was the one belonging to the Philharmonic I inferred from Mr. Benedict's lecture on Mendelssohn (page 22), which also gives the reason of its being called the "Trumpet Overture," in the very words used in my notice, and which I venture though with great diffidence, to think is not unsupported by the fact. Having been enjoined by the Philharmonic Society to state that the overture was composed for them, which is certainly borne out by the terms* of Mendelssohn's letter to them (November 28, 1832), quoted in Hogarth's *History of the society* (page 60), I do not see that I could say otherwise than I did, or could look on the performances of the overture at Düsseldorf in any other light

* "I shall compose, according to the request, a symphony, an overture, and a vocal piece, under the conditions mentioned in the resolution."

than that of a mere trial of the composition *en route* to its destination in London. As to the point urged in our remarks, that "the overture composed in 1825 was the one for wind instruments, now generally known as the military overture"—viz., Op. 24, I must again quote Reitz (p. 444), who names this overture among the published works of 1824, evidently believing it to be a distinct work from that in question.

So far in my own defence. But, unless I am mistaken, the gentleman who made your report knows far more about Mendelssohn and every detail of his compositions than a dozen Rietzes. He has already shown Rietz to be inaccurate in regard to the *Hebrides* overture, and I now entreat him to clear up his point, which is really more interesting than it seems, because it not only concerns one of Mendelssohn's works, every particular of which is so sweet to his admirers, but because it bears on those ridiculous and vexatious obstructions of his executors, by which the world is kept year after year from the possession of many a composition which, if published, would be the delight and solace of thousands.

Your obedient servant,

Feb. 20.

G. GROVE.

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

(Continued from page 112.)

GENOA, Feb. 4th.

At Leghorn the season opened with *Rigoletto*, the principals being Mdlle. Berini, Signors Barbaccini and Mazzanti. I had for some time been wishing to hear the lady, as, although entirely unknown three years ago, she is now considered one of the most rising young singers in Italy. It was just this time last year that she suddenly leaped into notoriety by her performance of Margaret in Gounod's *Faust* at Parma, and she has since appeared in the same character with much success at Bologna, where there is an audience not too easily satisfied. Her voice is of no great power though of agreeable quality, but she sings with a thorough knowledge of the art of vocalisation, and she is possessed of a good amount of musical acquirement—much of which most of the young singers in Italy think quite unnecessary—but without which no one is likely to become a great artist. Signor Barbaccini I have spoken of before in terms of no measured praise, and when he was singing in Rome last winter the correspondents of several English journals lauded him to the skies, expressing an opinion that he was equal if not superior to Giuglini, and that doubtless before long the large salaries paid to artists in England and Russia would be offered to him as an inducement to quit his native land. Whether this gentleman will soon be heard in London I know not, but at any rate for the remainder of the winter he will remain at Leghorn,—much to the delight of the public there—this city being by no means celebrated for the excellence of its operatic performances. Mazzanti, the baritone, is the gentleman with the stupendous voice, whose performance of *Macbeth* I noticed in my last letter. His *Rigoletto* is perhaps less open to objection, but he is at best a boisterous singer, no actor, and decidedly not an artist. Opera is also being given at the small Teatro dei Florida, two sisters named Doria being the chief attraction, but they are not first-rate and will never gain anything like the celebrity of the Marchisios. At the Carlo Felice here (Genoa), where, *en passant*, I may observe that there are the most luxurious "fauteuils d'orchestre," in which it has been my lot to lounge, Ferrari's *Ultimi giorni di Suli* does not appear to give much gratification. Notwithstanding that the concerted pieces are ably constructed, and the maestro's instrumentation shows no small skill and knowledge of orchestral effect, it is a cumbrous musical structure, and I am not surprised that during the last ten years it has only been produced, to my knowledge, in two Italian theatres. Sig. Patierno, who is in the foremost rank of respectable tenors, and Sig. Cima, the baritone, carried off the lions' share of the applause; Mdlle. Salvini-Donatelli, the original Traviata, who sang at Drury Lane in 1853 with a third-rate Co., being received with marked coldness, not to say, dissatisfaction. Sig. Lanzoni, whom Mr. E. T. Smith introduced to the English public, and who is superior to all the bassi who have appeared at either of the London Italian Operas, for some time, with the single exception of Atry (why do the papers insist on calling him Atri?), is here as *basso profundo*. He has a magnificent voice and is a very excellent singer. The charming Angelica Moro, who is the *prima donna assoluta* of this highly respectable Co.—indeed, with the exception of that of the Scala, the best I have come across this Carnival—has rapidly, and I should say deservedly, attained a high position in her profession. On the occasion of this young lady's *début* at a small theatre in Milan in 1859, I alluded to her great promise, and for some time now I have considered her and Mdlle. Fioretti, whose sudden disappearance from Covent Garden, because she very foolishly objected to appear as the Princess in *Robert* when an inferior artist was cast for Alice, must be in the remembrance of your readers, as the two very best singers of the Persian school that Italy has produced since the much lamented

Mdlle. Bosio. Sig. Cotogni, the baritone, with the best reputation of those who have never sung out of Italy, and of whom it is known that I am a great admirer, is also engaged here. The ballet, as is generally the case at Genoa, is extremely good, Pocchini being the principal dancer, and the band far superior to that of the Scala; indeed, of Italian orchestras, it is second only to that of La Pergola. Mdlle. Ferni, the ex-violinist, who made so successful a *début* as a singer at Nice last winter, is singing in the *Favorita* with genuine success at the Nazionale, a theatre recently opened here for opera.

The obituary of last year has just appeared, and, in addition to a number of singers never heard of out of Italy, including a Madame Montenegro, a *prima donna* of merit and of a certain reputation this side of the Alps, I find the names of the Marcheses Calcagnini and Terzaghi—one or the other of whom has been director of the Government theatres at Milan for some years past—the Marchese Calcagnini deserving special mention, as it was chiefly through his instrumentality that Gounod's *Faust* and other operas of the French and German schools have been heard in Italy. It is due to these gentlemen to acknowledge the courtesies I invariably received from them, and the readiness with which they afforded me facilities for attending rehearsals—both at the Scala and at the Cannobbiana—a privilege which, now for some time past, has been denied to the representatives of the Milanese press, much to their disgust.* I enclose a list of the new operas which were produced in Italy during 1864: Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi*; Cagnoni's *Michele Perrin*—written expressly for the celebrated bullo Sig. Botero, who in his peculiar way is an extraordinary artist (though I do not exactly see how such an expression can be correctly applied to a one-legged dancer, as I see is now the case in London), and to whom is, in a great measure, due the prodigious success which this opera has obtained; and *Il bosco di Dafne* by Gioia, the composer of *Doh Checco*, a charming opera, which I noticed favorably in these pages, when it was produced at the Carlo Felice at the end of 1863—being those which have attracted the most attention, and which, I strongly suspect, will alone be ever heard of again.

A. S. C.

UXBRIDGE.—The first miscellaneous concert of the Philharmonic Society of this town took place last week. The *Uxbridge Chronicle* makes some severe remarks on the performance, but gives Mr. Birch, the conductor and chorus master, due praise for having fulfilled his double office with ability, notwithstanding a perversity in the harmonium which might have disconcerted a less skilful musician or a less experienced accompanist. The orchestral pieces seemed, on the whole, to give most satisfaction. The band was reinforced by a cornet player (Mr. Ripley) from London, with the exception of the conductor the only professional person engaged. The trio from the *Mountain Sylph* was well sung by Miss Pontifex, Mr. Coles, and Mr. Pitkin, as were Curschman's "Ti prego," by Miss Lord, Mrs. Hancock, and Mr. Hancock. Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love," was sung by the Misses Pontifex. Among the vocal pieces, the "Soldier's Chorus" from *Faust* was encored. The "Tramp chorus," "Awake, Æolian Lyre," and the prayer from *Mose* were given with precision and effect. In the part songs for male voices Mr. Coles did good service. The audience, we are informed, was large and respectable.

WILLINGTON.—On Tuesday last an evening concert of vocal and instrumental music was given by Mr. W. Crawford, assisted by the harmonic society, from Spennymoor, and the following artists:—Miss S. Crawford, soprano; Mr. D. Whitehead, tenor; and Mr. David Lambert, basso; solo violin, Mr. John Wood; conductor Mr. Crawford. There was a large audience. Miss Crawford has a good soprano voice, and with careful practice will become a useful vocalist. Her best effort was in "The Blind Boy," (Dempster.) Mr. Whitehead sang "The Red Cross Banner," and "The Death of Nelson," in an excellent manner, receiving an encore for the first; Mr. David Lambert's "I'm a Roamer," was received with thunders of applause and encored. He was also encored in "I always feared a married life" and "Tom the Tinker." The duet, "Elixir of Love," and trio, "Maiden Fair" were redemanded. Mr. John Wood was applauded for his performance on the violin. The part songs introduced gave great satisfaction. Altogether, the concert was one of the most successful ever given in Willington.—(*Darlington and Hockton Times*, Feb. 28.)

LIEGE.—Mdlle. Lagye has had great success in *L'Etoile du Nord* as Catarina. M. Odezenne, as Pierre, was much applauded after the romance in the third act. M. Cabel was Danilowitz, M. Buet, Gritzenko, M. Decré, Georges, Mdlle. de Aynssa, Prascovia, as well as one of the *viandières*, and Mme. Latouche the other. The *ensemble* was good, and the *mise-en-scène* better than usual.

* It is rather singular that as I was writing the above lines, a gentleman handed me this morning's paper, which announces the death of Sig. Romani, the celebrated librettist of *Norma*, and several of Donizetti's and Bellini's operas.—A. S. C.

REQUIEM FOR THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

On Tuesday morning a solemn Mass of *Requiem* was held in St. Peter's Italian Church, Hatton-garden, on behalf of the late Cardinal Wiseman. The church was filled in every part, and the service was gone through with the conventional pomp which belongs to this peculiar form of Catholic supplicatory worship. Nothing in its way could be more edifying. Into details, however it is unnecessary to enter; for although there was no attempt to revive the imposing exhibition of Thursday last, at the pro-cathedral, Moorfields, the ceremony in all essential particulars was virtually the same, the only difference being in the music, which this time was not Gregorian.

The Service of the Dead is the most important as well as the most affecting of the Romish forms of prayer, accompanied by music. In the ordinary Mass only those passages which are unchangeable are set, but in the *Requiem*, the *Introit* and other parts being invariable, the whole is included in the design of the composer. The ecclesiastical masterpiece of Mozart—the last note of which may almost be said to have accompanied his last breath, and which is worth all his other masses put together—was the work selected for the present occasion. That the executive means provided, whether vocal or instrumental, would be equal to the adequate execution of so elaborate a composition, was perhaps under the circumstances hardly to be expected. Nevertheless, unsatisfactory—bad, indeed—as was the performance, it could no more entirely do away with the impressiveness of such music than an imperfect engraving could altogether annihilate the effect of a fine picture. Some of our country festivals have accustomed Protestant as well as Catholic hearers to the sublime strains of the *Requiem* beneath the arched and vaulted roof of a cathedral; but in these instances, of course, the music was inevitably detached from the ceremonial in which it is meant to play so conspicuous a part. That it gains by being allied to the act of worship may be easily imagined; for thus and thus only can the idea of the composer be conveyed, so as to create the precise impression at which he has aimed. The intoned or chanted prayers that separate the “Kyrie eleison” from the “Dies ire,” the “Dies ire” from the *Offertorium*, the *Offertorium* from the “Sanctus,” and the “Sanctus” from the “Agnus Dei”—the silent pause, too, before the “Benedictus,” during the ceremony of the Elevation of the Host—have all been calculated and allowed for by the musician, whose work cannot be fairly judged and criticized apart. Still we are inclined to think that it would have been wiser in the Italian Church of St. Peter's to perform the service after the Gregorian manner, as was done at the pro-cathedral. It is a grand thing, no doubt to dedicate a *Requiem*, with Mozart's magnificent music, to the peace of one, like Cardinal Wiseman, of exalted character and ability; but when such music is adopted care should be taken to insure its being properly sung and played; otherwise the honor intended to be conferred loses half its grace.

When the *Requiem* was over Canon Morris delivered an earnest and eloquent discourse on the virtues of the deceased Cardinal, which evidently moved his hearers, and near the close of which his own emotion almost overcame him.—*Times*.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—A concert was given by Mr. Howard Glover, on Wednesday evening, at Drury Lane Theatre, which attracted a very large attendance. Being Ash-Wednesday, the regular theatrical performances were interdicted, but this did not prevent a miscellaneous concert from taking place. So Mr. Howard Glover, who has a keen eye for favourable opportunities, took advantage of the Lord Chamberlain's somewhat doubtful distinctions, and provided a capital musical entertainment, not even condescending to shelter himself completely under the shade of a sacred performance—seeing that Mr. W. H. Harrison was put down for an amorous ballad, that Mrs. Howard Paul imitated Mr. Sims Reeves, in Blumenthal's “Message,” that Mademoiselle Florence Lancia sang Rode's Air and Variations, that Miss Emily Soldene sang the rondo finale from *Cenerentola*, and that Mr. Alberto Laurence introduced a new national song, “The Song of the Bonbay,” by Mr. Howard Glover—a capital song, by the way, and which had a great success, being encored with acclamations. Mr. Glover, nevertheless, to a certain degree conciliated the religious public, and paid reverence to the day. The whole of the first part, with the exception of a symphony, by Haydn, was devoted to sacred music, most liked of which was Miss Emily Soldene's “O rest in the Lord,” (*Elijah*), very finely sung, and encored unanimously; Mr. George Perren's “Sound an Alarm,” (*Judas Maccabæus*), also bisied; Mr. G. Patey's “Why do the Nations” (*Messiah*); and the duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, “Quis est Homo,” by Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Laura Baxter. It is unnecessary to say more. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Frank Mori, Ganz, Aguilar, Charles Hargitt, Howard Glover, and Signor Arditi.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Concert on Monday (the 163rd) was—except the Serenade from Felicien David's *Lalla Rookh*, sung by Mr. Sims Reeves—entirely drawn from the works of Beethoven. The other vocal piece was “Adelaide,” sung by the same gentleman (how, we need not add), and accompanied on the pianoforte by Madame Arabella Goddard (so that Mr. Benedict's labor was restricted to the accompaniment of a single song). The opening instrumental piece was the Serenade in D, for violin, viola, and violoncello, played for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts. The players were Herr Straus, Mr. H. Webb, and M. Paque. Two movements were encored, and the whole work afforded the utmost satisfaction. The pianoforte sonata was the one in C minor, Op. 111 (the 32nd and last sonata of Beethoven). The pianist—Madame Arabella Goddard—was first to introduce this great work in St. James's Hall, and now performed it for the eighth time. The audience—2000 strong—listened to the sonata with breathless interest and rapturously applauded its charming interpreter, whose fingers the spirit of Beethoven must have inspired. The second part commenced with the sonata dedicated to Kreutzer—marvellously executed by Madame Goddard and Herr Straus—and creating an enthusiasm almost unprecedented. This was the eighteenth performance of the Kreutzer sonata at the Monday Popular Concerts. The last thing in the programme was Beethoven's deliciously humorous quartet in B flat major, No. 6, Op. 18, played by MM. Straus, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Paque. A more attractive concert was never given.

MRS. BLACK.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I write to you respecting an advertisement which has lately appeared in several of the journals. The advertiser, a Mrs. Campbell Black, who styles herself the sister of Mr. Charles Hallé, refers to me, as well as Miss Banks, Miss Van Noorden, and Miss Rose Hersée, as having received finishing lessons in singing from her. I beg to say that I have no knowledge whatever of the person who thus unwarrantably uses my name; and at the same time to state that I was a pupil of Signor Piusutti, at the Royal Academy of Music.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERTINE HENDERSON.

The following letter has been written by M. Maillart, composer of *Lara*, to Signor Arditi, conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre:—

PARIS, 20 Fevrier.

MON CHER CONFRERE,—Je vous prie de vouloir bien accepter en souvenir de tout ce que vous avez fait pour la réussite de *Lara* une petite partition de cet ouvrage. J'espère être assez heureux pour vous serrer la main un jour ou l'autre à Londres ou à Paris et vous témoigner de vive voix toute ma gratitude. En attendant, recevez, mon cher et éminent confrère, avec mes vifs remerciements l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus affectueux et les plus dévoués.

A. MAILLART.

(TRANSLATION.)

PARIS, 20 February.

MY DEAR CONFRERE,—I beg your acceptance of the accompanying score of *Lara* as a souvenir of all you have done for its success. I hope some day to have the pleasure of shaking hands with you in London or in Paris and expressing to you personally my gratitude. In the mean time, my dear and esteemed confrère, pray accept my best thanks and the assurance of my best wishes.

A. MAILLART.

Bravo! M. Maillart—Bravo! Sig. Arditi!

IVER.—The Church Choir, assisted by Miss Hudson, gave a concert in the Girl's school-room, under the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Ward. Several of the vocalists made their first appearances as solo singers on the occasion and acquitted themselves well. Mr. Ratcliffe, the choir master, was complimented in a neat speech by Mr. S. Thomson for the successful way in which he trained his singers as well as Mr. Durant, of Windsor, who so ably presided at the pianoforte.

AMERSHAM.—Miss C. Bailey's evening concert was as usual a success. The Town Hall was completely filled. Miss Bailey, a pianist of decided ability, was encored in Thalberg's “Home, sweet home,” and much applauded in a duet on airs from *Zampa*, for concertina and piano, with Mr. R. Blagrove. Miss Bailey was assisted by Miss Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Barnby (encored in “The Singing Lesson”), and Mr. J. T. Birch of Uxbridge, who accompanied the vocal music on the piano.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has gone to Scotland. She gives a "recital" to-day at Edinburgh, and afterwards visits Glasgow and Dundee, returning to perform (Professor Bennet's Concerto in F minor) at the Edinburgh Philharmonic Concerts (conductor, Professor Hullah).

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT CHELTENHAM.—This distinguished pianist gave a "Recital" at the Montpellier Rotunda, on Tuesday last, before a large and enthusiastic audience. Dussek's celebrated *Invocation Sonata*, the last great work of this renowned composer, was the chief attraction, and was played with remarkable effect. Indeed, the whole of the pieces in the programme, which contained some of the choicest *morceaux* from the ancient and modern masters, were executed with that marvellous precision and brilliancy for which Madame Arabella Goddard is so justly renowned. Miss Gilbert, who sang Spohr's beautiful song, "Rose, softly blooming," and Donizetti's aria, "Perché non ho," was loudly applauded. This *re-union* was one of the most attractive and successful given in Cheltenham under the auspices of Messrs. Hale & Co., this season.—*Cheltenham Times*.

[A notice of this "Recital," from our own correspondent, is in type.—Ed.]

L'AFRICAIN.—All difficulties about Meyerbeer's posthumous opera being arranged, it will first be given, in Italian, by Mr. Gye's company, and in the winter by the company of the Royal English Opera, in English.

SIGNOR ARDITI has left London to fulfill his engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where he will conduct a series of Italian operas, with Madlle. Titiens as *prima donna*.

MILLE. ILMA VON MURSKA is at present absorbing the interest of the public at the Imperial Opera-house. The fair and esteemed artist continued last week as Lucia in Donizetti's opera of the same name, the engagement she had commenced under the most brilliant auspices. Though Mdle. von Murska has not been on the stage more than a few years, her performance of the parts in which we have seen her is that of a thorough artist. The part of Lucia, especially, is sung by her in an admirable manner. It is impossible to conceive anything more charming, or more successful, technically and artistically, than her rendering of the entire first act; her share in the septet of the second act; and her mad scene in the third act. Her faultless intonation, her nice gradations—to a hair's breadth—of the intervals in every register—in the *forte* as well as in the *piano*, in the *portamento* as well as the *staccato*; her mode, never audible, of taking breath; her invariably correct phrasing; and her strict observance of the *tempi* are, it is true, all merely so many fundamental conditions of a good method, which, however, we meet with at present so rarely even in the most popular and most eminent lady vocalists, that they produce quite a revivifying effect. The above qualities, combined with the delicacy, grace, and elegance of her style, afford us, in all Mdle. von Murska does, an unalloyed and very unusual artistic treat.—*Allgemeine Theater-Revue* (Vienna).

M. PAQUE AT MANCHESTER.—In an account of one of Mr. Hallé's concerts, *The Manchester Courier* writes of this talented Violoncellist:—

"M. Paque's solo was an exceedingly clever performance, and it was so well received that there was a strong effort to obtain a repetition, which, however, was replied to by a mute recognition on the part of the performer. M. Paque displayed abundance of execution, and his tone is more full and round; in short, more like the tone we were formerly accustomed to expect from the violoncello than we have heard from the instrument when under the hands of some of our modern virtuosi.

ABERDEEN.—The Choral Union, on Monday evening, performed Haydn's *Creation* in presence of a highly intelligent audience. The Union were especially fortunate in their soloists. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Montem Smith and Mr. David Lambert were the soloists. Madame Sherrington gave the air, "On Mighty Pens," with startling effect, and her part in the fine duet, "Graceful Consort," was exquisitely sung. Mr. David Lambert appeared for the first time in Aberdeen. This gentleman's voice is full and mellow, and he has an admirable method. The air "Rolling in foaming billows" was given in a style that must have been appreciated by all lovers of sacred music, and the duet, already named, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, was executed in a manner worthy of such a companion. The chorus distinguished themselves well, and, more especially in the concluding portion of the oratorio, came out with excellent effect. The band performed very creditably, under Mr. Justice, jun.; while Mr. Baker did yeoman service in the accompaniments throughout, and Mr. Latter wielded the *baton* with his wonted skill.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF is in Paris. She sang on Thursday evening at the Popular Concert of Classical Music, at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Padeloup, on Sunday last, and this evening she sings at a grand concert given by the Préfet de la Seine, at the Hotel de Ville.

MAIDENHEAD.—The concert of Mrs. Barnby in the Town Hall was extensively patronised by the gentry of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Barnby sang the cavatina, "Come per me sereno," from *La Sonnambula*, "Terence's farewell to Kathleen" and "Lo here the gentle lark," with more or less effect, the last being encored. Solos on the pianoforte and concertina were played by Mr. J. Barnby and Mr. W. H. Birch. The concert-giver was likewise assisted by Mr. T. Hunt and the Bray church choir.—The first of a series of "penny readings" has been held in the British schoolroom. During the evening some glees, &c., were sung, conducted by Mr. S. Gibbons. Miss Phelps presided at the pianoforte.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A chamber-concert was given at the Institution, Tenterden Street, on Wednesday evening, when the following students assisted:—vocalists—Miss Bauermeister, Miss Brougham, Miss Sarah Chadwick, Miss Greenaway, Miss Emily McDonald, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. Hamilton; instrumentalists—Mr. J. Williams (clarinet), Mr. H. Harper (violoncello), Miss Emma Bauer, Miss Madalena Cronin, Mr. Marshall Hall, Mr. Bell, Mr. Arthur Fox, and Mr. King Hall (pianoforte). Mr. Fox and Mr. M. H. Hall played an andante and variations, for two pianofortes, by C. Reinecke, which, though cleverly played, was not greatly admired. Mr. Hamilton's fine bass voice was made conspicuous in Wallace's "Bell-ringer." Miss Mathilde Bauermeister, who possesses a fine soprano voice and shows decided vocal talent, obtained an encore in Mercadante's aria, "Ma negli estremi istanti" (*Giuramento*). The performance of Chopin's elaborate scherzo in B flat minor, for the pianoforte, by Miss Madalena Cronin, was really excellent. Mendelssohn's part-songs, "Autumn Song" and "May Bells," were smoothly and effectively sung by the students. A four-part song, by Mr. Jackson, a student, though a trifle too long, is a work of merit. There were other performances and other pieces that were deserving of praise, but our space will not allow us to enumerate them. We cannot, however, omit mentioning Mendelssohn's Variations for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Op. 17), played by Miss Emma Bauer and Mr. H. Harper. The accompanists were Mr. G. E. Bambridge and Mr. H. R. Evers.

BRIGHTON.—M. E. de Paris gave the first of a series of four instrumental quartet concerts at the Pavilion. Mozart's well-known quartet in G minor; Beethoven's quartet in A, for strings only, and Mayseider's second trio in A flat were the principal pieces. The performers, besides M. de Paris, were Messrs. Pollitzer, Stern, Goodban, and Nibbs, all efficient men who were thoroughly up to their work, and rendered each piece with great effect. The second concert takes place next Tuesday evening. Those who desire to hear the finest music rendered by true artists, and competent performers, should secure seats. The programme comprises Hummel's piano trio in E flat; Mozart's violin quartet in D; and Reissiger's piano quartet in C minor. Madame Greco and Mr. Leigh Wilson are engaged for the vocal selections.—*Brighton Guardian*.

REIGATE.—(From a correspondent.)—An evening concert was given last week, at the Public Hall, in aid of the funds of the mechanics' institution, which must have greatly benefited, judging from the very large attendance. The vocalists were, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Robertine Henderson, and the quartet glee union (Messrs. Lester, Taylor, Travers, and Chaplin Henry); the instrumentalists, Herr L. Straus (violin), Mr. Reynolds (contrabasso), and Mr. Guenther (pianoforte). There was also a select orchestra, which played Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, Weber's to *Der Freyschütz*, and Beethoven's to the *Men of Prometheus*—besides accompanying Mr. Guenther in Hummel's *Rondo* in A flat, for pianoforte. The singers were all in excellent voice. Miss Robertine Henderson, who was received with warm applause, gained special marks of approbation for her very chaste and expressive delivery of the serenade (*Berceuse*) of M. Gounod. Herr Straus, who played the violin part, fairly dividing the applause with the singer. Miss Henderson also gave "Within a mile of Edinburgh town," so much to the taste of her hearers, that she was compelled to return to the platform and sing another air—"Comin' thro' the rye"—which she did to perfection. Miss Edith Wynne sang, "Tell me my heart" (Bishop) and "Where the bee sucks," (encored) besides joining Miss Robertine Henderson in two duets—"The swallows" and "The flower gatherers." Herr Straus and Mr. Guenther played a *potpourri* by Spohr, on airs from *Il Seraglio* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*; Herr Straus (alone) the *adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto, and Paganini's "Moto perpetuo." The Quartet Union sang several part songs, one of which, "Come boys drink," (Marschner) was encored. The accompanists were Mr. Ardley and Mr. Guenther.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, (St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH CONCERT,
(EIGHTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
Monday Evening, March 6, 1865.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C, Op. 59 (dedicated to Count Rasoumowski), for two
Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H.
WEBB, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "The Pilgrim's Song"—Miss BANKS Mendelssohn.
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE Schubert.

PART II.

SONATA, in E minor, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. CHARLES
HALLE and Herr JOACHIM Mozart.
SONG, "In Autumn"—Miss BANKS Mendelssohn.
QUARTET, in G, Op. 64, No. 4, for two Violins, Viola, and Violon-
cello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI Haydn.

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall,
28 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music
Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every
performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 2s (transferable), may be
secured at Chappell & Co.'s, entitling holders to a special sofa stall, selected by
themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two sofa stalls for 10 concerts.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCES,

SATURDAYS, MARCH 11, 18, & 25, 1865.

IN compliance with the request of many Persons, and
for the accommodation of those who are unable to attend in the Evening, the
Director begs to announce that THREE MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given on
SATURDAYS, MARCH 11, 18, and 25, 1865. To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

HERR JOACHIM, HERR L. RIES, MR. H. WEBB, and SIGNOR PIATTI, will
appear at all of these Concerts, the number of which cannot be increased. MADAME
ARABELLA GODDARD and MR. CHARLES HALLE will be the Pianists. Conductor,
MR. BENEDICT.

Subscribers' Ivories are available for the whole of these Performances without any
charge. Tickets and Admissions the same as at the Evening Concerts.

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE filz du Roy
FLORENCE DE MACDONNE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur
de Constantinople, by J. A. N. MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy
of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price).
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author
of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers
to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at
27, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names
already received:—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John
Boosey, Esq., J. Ella, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers is 6s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at
MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner
of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received
as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Pay-
ment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be for-
warded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.,
244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Perform-
ance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can
be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAZZO—DULCINEA—SIMPATIA—B. GHOST (and several other letters in
the same direction).—Next week. No communication intended for
Nuttalliana should be forwarded, unless on an urgency, later than
Wednesday. Dr. Shoe cannot otherwise possibly give them his
attention.

A LOVER OF DANTE.—The name of the book is *L'Amoroso Convivio*.
The line is "Amor, che nella mente mi ragiona."

SARASTRO.—Ich weiss, dass er es gesagt hat.

MIDDLE-AGED.—"Mr. Locke, in his treatise of human understanding,
has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words, &c." Budgett not
Steele—No. 373—Thursday, May 8.

MARRIED

On Tuesday, 28th February, at Gerrds Cross Church, B. H. W.
WAY, Esq., of Denham Place, to ISABEL, second daughter of the Rev.
H. H. WAY of Alderbourne Manor, Bucks.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

A GENEALOGICAL DISQUISITION, WHICH LEAVES EVERYTHING AT LOOSE ENDS.

IT would be a poor compliment to any reader of the *Musical
World* to suppose him or her ignorant of the name of Bondini,
the operatic director for whom Mozart wrote *Don Juan*, and whose
daughter Terese was the original Zerlina. So much we find in
Holmes' *Life of Mozart*. This Bondini was a native of Bologna
—"a sharp-sighted man, rich in knowledge of theatrical matters,"
who opened the "small court theatre" in Dresden, with an
operatic company, in September, 1776—according to another
authority. How Bondini extended his operations until he supplied
Dresden, Leipzig and Prague alternately with some months of
opera annually, sparing no expense to obtain the best of singers
and instrumental performers (what he accomplished in Prague,
Holmes tells us) and the best actors for his German theatre, with
much more to the same effect, is not necessary for our present
genealogical purpose. At Easter, 1791, Count Thun's theatre at
Prague, in which Mozart's masterpieces were played, and where
Don Juan first saw the light (of the foot-lamps), was destroyed by
fire;—"ruined by which," says Fétis (*vide notice of Bondini's*
daughter in the new edition of his *Musiciens*), "he (Bondini)
determined to return to Italy, where he hoped to find resources to
re-establish his affairs; but he died on the journey, and his family,
reduced to the most painful condition, were hardly able to reach
Bologna." All this may be very true, but, unfortunately, Fétis is
so very untrustworthy on all matters stretching beyond the
"natural boundary," that the following remark in the *Allgemeine
Theater-Lexicon* (article, "Leipzig") has in my mind equal auth-
ority: "On the death of Bondini, in 1796, Franz Seconda obtained
the license"—i.e., of the Leipzig theatre. The only important
point in the question is when and where his second daughter ob-
tained her early musical education.

Terese Bondini's name appears in the list of court-singers at
Dresden as early as 1782. She may therefore have been some
twenty when she sang Zerlina at Prague, and Mozart taught her
to shriek. Marie Anne, the other daughter, was born at Dresden,
October 18, 1780, and, according to Fétis, was, at the age of ten
years, already a fine pianist and residing at Bologna, where she
was taught singing by Sartorini, but this, too, conflicts with the
Theater-Lexicon. A plague o' both their houses! However, the
Bondinis disappear from my books from 1796 to 1805, in which
year Marie Anne comes to light again, at Paris, as the wife of
Luigi Barilli. This man, says Fétis, was born at Modena in 1767,
or at Naples in 1764—which latter date he thinks the more pro-
bable; but the Paris correspondents of the Leipzig *Allgemeine
Musik-Zeitung* always speak of him as a native of Bologna; and the
notice of his death implies, at least, that 1768 was the date of his
birth. Barilli's first appearance in Paris was at the theatre Louvais,
August 19, 1805. His voice was feeble and not very pleasing;
but his method was excellent and his comic powers extraordinary.
Fétis says,— "Pendant plus de dix-huit ans Barilli eût le privilège

de faire rire les dilettanti parisiens, quoique son organ eût perdu de sonorité dans les dernières années." In 1809 he became one of the directors of the Italian Opera at the Odéon, but sustained such heavy losses as to be glad to accept a humbler position when that theatre was undertaken by Madame Catalani. He lost his wife (1813) and three sons, whom she had borne him (Fétis), became *regisseur* of the Italian Opera in 1820, broke his leg early in 1824, and died of apoplexy, May 26, the same year. "The probity and disinterestedness of this excellent actor had gained him many friends, who were obliged to contribute to pay the expenses of his funeral, and who erected a tomb for him near that of his wife, in the east cemetery." (Fétis).



"On the 26th May last died Herr Barilli of Bologna, *regisseur* of the Italian Theatre, in his 50th year. An excellent man! During the nineteen years of his residence here he appeared in ninety-eight different operas and always with credit. His parts were Figaro, Leporello, Geronimo (*Il Matrimonio Segreto*) and the like. In the last of these he was, to perfection, the right man in the right place. His essential excellence was his correct declamation, so much the more praiseworthy because now so seldom heard."—(Paris Cor. L. M. Zeitung.)

Upon arriving at Paris, in 1805, Marie (Bondini) Barilli sang with great applause in concerts; and it was not until January 14, 1807, that the directors of the theatre Louvrais could persuade her to overcome her timidity and venture upon the stage. The opera was Guglielmi's *Due Gimelli*. She was struck with stage fright and broke down; but on the 13th of May she tried a second time, in Paer's *Griselda*, and with complete success. From this time to her death she was the idol of the Paris Italian Opera public, as well as chamber-singer to Napoléon—a distinction which she owed entirely to her art, her virtue being incorruptible. A contemporary notice or two of her may be of interest. Here is one dated October, 1809, contained in a notice of the Paris Italian Opera of the preceding summer. A Madame Festa had been singing on that stage, as *prima donna*, in Paisiello's *Mallinara*, alternately with Madame Barilli, in Sarti's *Le Nozze di Dorina*.

"Madame Festa appeared first as the *Mallinara*, and with great success, her style gaining her a multitude of admirers. Madame Barilli*, who had withdrawn for a time to give her rival and her rival's admirers free play, and then to reappear with all the more success, made the fortune of Sarti's opera. There followed something of a rivalry, by which, however, the public was a gainer."

After criticizing Sarti's work severely, the writer goes on:—

"The duet in the first act, in which Madame Barilli has a grand opportunity to exhibit all her force, especially her powers of execution, is usually repeated. This songstress, then, possesses—not a grand, all-pervading voice, it is true—but one of remarkable compass. She

sings with ease up to  and  It is impossible to

convey to you an idea of the perfection with which she executes whatever she bestows pains upon. She can go on for a quarter of an hour, executing the most difficult passages and divisions, with never a note false, nay, with never one indistinct or faltering. Hence her special triumph is in *bravura* singing. Her runs up and down are as neat as if executed on a flute. All the more pity, therefore, that Madame B. sings with neither warmth or expression. The color is always the same, and her soul has not the slightest sympathy with any word she sings. Hence a feeling of monotony when one hears her much and often. She will always gain applause, but never excite enthusiasm. She however soars so far above all French songstresses that it would be nonsense to compare her with any one of them. She has also the advantage of being the wife of the best actor in this theatre, and can therefore devote any amount of care to the securing of a perfect ensemble. "Herr Barilli has a fair tenor voice, not very sympathetic, but by his good method and by the drollery of his almost extravagant buffoonery—allowed, however, in the comic opera—he has an important share in keeping up and giving life to this theatre."

* By a typographical error, the Barillis are called, in the letter from which I quote, Basilli.

Madame Barilli's great parts were in Mozart's operas. Was this owing to the influence of her early life in Dresden and Prague? Doubtless; and the daughter of a man who had sense enough to order *Don Juan* from Mozart may well be supposed to have learned to sing that music as it should be sung. Her greatest triumph was as the Countess in Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*; and, for many years after her death, no songstress ventured to brave the public of the Odéon by attempting any innovation upon her style of performance, or even in her exquisitely tasteful toilette for the part as it was then considered. This part was held to be especially adapted to her powers, because of that very coldness for which she was criticized in some others. As late as 1820, a writer describes it as the most laborious of *soprano* parts, —i.e., as she sang it—then known. Besides the two grand airs written by Mozart for the Countess, she introduced a third. (by Simon Mayr?) and adopted the romance, "Voi che sapete." The duet with Susanna was not so much sung as executed in nightingale tones. All this in addition to the great compass of voice required, and to the great amount of vocalization in the second and fourth finales,* justifies that writer's opinion.

In 1813, after a long and severe illness, Madame Barilli appeared three times in an opera by Portogallo, was then seized by a malignant fever, and died Oct. 24th.

A. W. T.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—As your paper is the place for musical "notes and queries," please find room for the following, upon which, as they have reference more or less directly to musical history, I hope some of your readers will be able to throw light:—

1. What English tourists of the last century, besides Henry Swinburne, give notices of the Court at Bonn in time of the old Electors?
2. Can any information be obtained in relation to George Cressener, English Minister at Bonn, from 1755 to 1780, or to his successor, Ralph Heathcote, which may be of use in drawing a picture of court life there?
3. Does any one know anything of a quarterly publication (about 1830) called the *Flutist's Magazine*, which is said to contain memoirs by Drouet? If a copy is to be found—*query*:—does Drouet include any reminiscences of Beethoven in the record of his stay at Vienna?
4. Who was the writer of the article, "A day with Beethoven," signed with the Greek letter, *sigma*, in the *Harmonicon*, vol. ii. p. 10? Was he the J. R. S. of a later volume?
5. Among the musical instruments advertised by Longman and Broderip, in 1782, were "teneroons or vox humanas," "glove-horns" and "sticcado pastorales."—*Query*, what were these instruments?

I have no English books at hand which give anything in regard to them, nor can I find their Italian or German synonyms.

A. W. T.

IN the autograph collection of the Imperial Library at Vienna is a letter of introduction, which I translate for the *Musical World*, thinking it may have a special interest for its readers just now.

A. W. T.

TO FRANZ EDLEN VON MOSEL.

NOBLE BORN HERR HOFRATH!—MOST RESPECTED SIR AND FRIEND!—These lines demand your indulgence for robbing you, who are so excessively occupied, of some moments of your time. But can you take it ill of the bearer, that he should feel an ardent desire to come into closer relations with a man in whom every disciple of art beholds a firm pillar and prop? And will you be angry with me for past the medium of effecting this?

Herr Julius Benedict of Stuttgart has for some time past studied composition with me. A talent by no means common, general literary culture, and a strong ambition to do something creditable, gives hopes, perhaps, that under favorable influences he will not remain among the common herd of our scribbling epoch, that is, if he become not blinded

* Although now always represented in two acts, *Le Nozze di Figaro* was originally divided into four.—ED.

by the lust of notoriety, and if Heaven grants him persevering industry and a spirit of earnest endeavor.

I confine myself therefore to obtaining your acquaintance for him, leaving it to him to prove himself not unworthy of it.

May Heaven keep you in good spirits and health, and in the circle of your family and friends, to whom I commend myself with all respect, and may you occasionally bestow a friendly thought upon him, who will be unchangably, with the deepest veneration and most friendly regard, your honor's most heartily obedient,

Nosterwitz, Sept. 3, 1824.

C. M. v. WEBER, M.P.

[The above letter has since been published in the biography of Weber, by his son.—Ed.]

A CRITIC SUI GENERIS.

(From Boosey's Choralist.)

A book has lately appeared in Germany, entitled, *Furioso* which is presumed to be founded on the life of Beethoven. The author has, however, so far lost sight of his subject in contemplating himself, that his work has resolved itself almost into an autobiography of the biographer. If we keep our eyes open, we shall find that this self-reflecting manner of the musical writer is not peculiar to the German nation. There is a gentleman, who for twenty-five years has been the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, and who is the most remarkable specimen of the egotistical journalist we know. A severe course of self-contemplation has led to the belief that he is a more important person than any of the artists and composers who appear before him for criticism. In his own eyes he seems to be the sun or centre of the musical universe around which all other objects revolve. According to their nearness or distance from the great central luminary is the amount of heat which they derive from the rays of the *Athenæum*. It is not that the merits of Herr A, or the faults of Monsieur B, are of any importance; it is simply as to how Herr A, or Mons. B, stands towards Mr. C at the moment of writing. And as Mr. C, the critic, is of a fanciful, whimsical nature, it is not improbable that Monsieur B may, unwittingly, have given him offence. The only way to avoid the possibility of being misunderstood, is to sit for ever at the feet of the great man and offer up daily adulation. There are some astute young men who proffer their homage thus, and who in return have their heads patted in public. But take the case of poor Meyerbeer, the most courteous gentleman that ever lived. He never had an idea of quarrelling, even with a supernumerary. And yet, ever since his death, he has been systematically attacked in the pages of the *Athenæum*. We have often wondered at the cause of this treatment, considering how strongly his last work, *Dinorah*, (which the critic translated) was praised in the columns that now sneer at its author. Did poor Meyerbeer die too soon to accept a libretto, or was he asleep when the great critic called upon him? Well, again, see how the wizened critic became enraged the other day because Madame Goddard was unfortunate enough to make a great hit in Dussek's *Invocation* sonata. "You have no right to all this applause, Madam," he says. "Did not M. A. play this work twenty years ago at his pre-musical concerts, and pray did not Professor B. again perform it ten years since at his post-historical soirées?" But the critic forgets that the public heeded not these exhibitions, while, on the other hand, Madame Goddard has given a life to the sonata by her splendid performance which will probably render it as popular as Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." What other player of our day has had the power to revive with this effect works like Dussek's *Plus ultra* and Woelfl's *Ne plus ultra* sonatas, to say nothing of Beethoven's Op. 106, which was a sealed book, and only talked of mysteriously before Madame Goddard's brilliant reign over the piano. Ask any music publisher, and he will tell you that these sonatas lay on his shelf as so much useless stock, until they became suddenly inspired with life by the magic fingers of the fair pianist. But Madame Goddard has had the misfortune to achieve an immense reputation without the aid of the *Athenæum*, and this is a fault beyond forgiveness.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM has arrived. He will make his first appearance at the next Monday Popular Concerts, with one of the Rasoumofsky quartets.

PARIS.

(From our own correspondent.)

From the masterly style, the glowing diction, and the extreme taste which distinguished the letter of your Vienna correspondent, in your last week's number, I should have been inclined to think *a priori* that the writer was an Englishman of great talent and literary experience, did not the signature indicate his thorough Teutonic origin, and the omission of the christian name demonstrate that he was no native. All Englishmen, unless they are titled, invariably subscribe both names. Why "Engel" should be satisfied with the affix of his surname only I cannot say. Perhaps he considers he is authorised to place himself in the same category with the great lights of the age, and in his superscription—like Napoleon, Blumenthal, and Van Praag—conceives that any addition to "Engel" would be superfluous. Perhaps he had no godfathers or godmothers to bestow a *nom-de-baptême* upon him when he was born. Perhaps he is a Jew, and has no christian name. The letter, nevertheless, is a master-piece of style and punctuation. But it does not always follow that brilliancy in composition includes logic or even common sense, and we must not be surprised, therefore, to find "Engel" somewhat dull of comprehension, and not able to understand a plain unvarnished statement. I never affirmed in the letter alluded to by "Engel," that Mdle. Patti sang Rossini's *ariette* "A Grenade" for the first time. I said she sang it for the first time in the *Barbiere* at the Italiens. This is very different. "Engel" owns to his being offended that I had not mentioned his visit to Rossini, accompanied by his harmonium (which was the accompanist?), and had not narrated in my letter how profoundly the great *maestro* was moved by his playing, how much he complimented him, and how all the visitors detained the instrument in pledge that "Engel" might be induced to attend the next reception. All these interesting circumstances "Engel" fancied were kept back by me through sinister, or envious motives, and his "proper-love," of which he has his share, was wounded to the quick. In the first place, not being invited to Rossini's *soirées*, I never attended them; in the next place, I never heard of "Engel" nor his harmonium until I met them both in the columns of the *Musical World*. If "Engel" plays on his instrument as perfectly as he writes our vernacular, it would be a treat indeed to hear him, and I hope some day to be able to say which I like best—his execution on the harmonium, or his English composition. His information about M. Faure and his decoration is thankfully received; but how comes it that "Engel" himself has not been decorated by the all-gracious Isabella Católica of Spain? Seriously, I do suspect he has been so distinguished by her Spanish Majesty, but that he is too modest to let it be made known through his own vaunting, and prefers pointing to Herr Kuhe and Mr. Benedict. The passage quoted from Rossini's manuscript, "for the criticism of all fifth-eaters," clearly indicates how easily "Engel" could have eluded the "fifth-eaters," if he had had to write the passage. Had "Engel" lived in the time of the Commonwealth he would doubtless have entitled himself to be dubbed a fifth-monarchy man.

I met your correspondent—your ex-correspondent, rather,—Ripington Pipe, at the Opéra a few nights since. He told me you had rejected his last two letters, on the ground of their extreme bitterness, and that he refused to send you any further communication until they had appeared. He says, of all your correspondents he entertains most respect for Mr. French Flowers, whom, except on the subject of Chalk and Singing, he pronounces a thoroughly well-informed man. Mr. Ap'Mutton he proclaims unsuitable to his trust, and wonders how he can have the face to accept so liberal a salary from the proprietors of the *Musical World*, and delegate nearly all his work to such an inefficient as Taylor Shoe. I defended the learned doctor with all my might, but Pipe was inveterate and would not be reasoned with.

Mozart's *Enchanted Flute*—*Il Flauto Magico*, according to the Italian version, and *Die Zauberflöte*, according to the German—was produced yesterday sen'night, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, under the title of *La Flute Enchantée*, with even greater success than had been anticipated. Warned by the failure which attended the hodge-podge version of *Così fan tutte*, M. Carvalho has been scrupulously careful this time not to tamper with Mozart's music, nor to attempt to improve the score. The original libretto, miserably bad as it is and utterly devoid of interest, and even sense, has been sufficiently respected by the translators, MM. Nutter and

Beaumont, who have only made a few slight alterations in the plot. Even these are not improvements, and only tend to show the monstrous absurdity of Schikaneder's poem, as he called it. That Mozart, nevertheless, did not take a trivial view of the libretto of the *Zauberflöte* is abundantly proved by the profound seriousness of the music in every place where the real comic element does not prevail. Not even *Don Giovanni* has grander moments of inspiration and serious thought than the *Zauberflöte*. No doubt modern opera has taught us to look for a logical plot and natural incidents in a libretto, and the success of such works as the *Enchanted Flute*, *Matilda di Shabran* and *Oberon*, has been, and must always be, owing entirely to the music. Well, be it so. For my own part I can listen to such operas with greater pleasure, and greater reverence, than many of the best modern works, simply because of the strength and full meaning of the music. The management of the Théâtre-Lyrique has, I think, done all it could for Mozart, and I can confidently augur a long run for the *Flute Enchantée*. Mdlle. Nilson is hardly equal to the prodigious exactions of the Queen of Night; but she goes at the music courageously, and at least seems to achieve all that is required. Madame Carvalho sings her best in the character of Tamina, and Madame Ugalde could hardly be excelled in the small part of Papagena. M. Michot is respectable as Tamino, and M. Troy, as Papagena, shows a good deal of humor. M. Depassio is a real *basso profundo*, and if his voice is not of the finest quality, he can sing the music of Serastro without alteration, which is a great matter. The three fairies, moreover, have gracious and able representatives, Mdlle. Albrecht, as the first fairy, being entitled to especial commendation. The greatest possible care and pains have been taken with the band and chorus, and the *mise-en-scène* would do credit to the Grand Opéra or your own Covent Garden.

The only novelty at the Italiens has been the *rentree* of Madame Frezzolini in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which I did not witness. The journals eulogise Madame Frezzolini's great art and bewail the loss of her voice. What a pity she must sing! Unfortunately the majority of an audience, even of so critical an audience as that of the Salle Ventadour, will judge by their ears, and so the artist would do well not to depend for success on the achievements of the past, for we all pay to be pleased through our senses, not our memories. Madame Frezzolini is a great artist, there is no disputing; but the question is, can she afford pleasure now when she sings?

Paris, March 1st.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

M. Gounod's opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, English translation by Mr. Charles Kenney, was produced on Thursday evening and obtained a remarkable success. *Le Médecin malgré lui* was brought out at the Théâtre Lyrique at Paris in 1858, and was one of the first works, if not the first, which established M. Gounod as a composer of eminence. This opera has nothing in common with *Faust* excepts its excellence. The humorous feeling is sustained throughout with unflagging spirit, and there is not a weak bar in the music from the overture to the last finale. We forbear from entering into details at present. Enough to say that the performance was received with the highest marks of approbation and that there was no difference of opinion respecting the merits of the music. The translation by Mr. Kenney is in every way admirable. Not only are good singable words found for the airs and ensembles but the very spirit of Molière is preserved in the dialogue. The cast comprised in the principal parts, Miss Poole, Miss Thirlwall, Madame Fanny Huddart, Messrs. Henry Haigh, H. Corri, Dusek, Lyall and Aynsley Cook. Mr. H. Corri played Dominique (the Gregory of Henry Fielding's *Mock Doctor* and the Sganarelle of Molière) with infinite humor and animation, and was indeed the life and soul of the piece. The Opéra has been repeated every night since the first performance and will be continued to the end of the season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Miss Louisa Pyne's benefit takes place this evening, when Balfe's *Satanella* will be performed with Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison in their original characters. The opera will be followed by a concert of vocal and instrumental music.

HERR ABERT'S *Ocean Symphony* is to be played to-day, at the Crystal Palace—for the first time in England—*Bravissimo*, Herr Minns!

Muttoniana.

There is no art so difficult and full of uncertainties as *Hominem homini imperare*—the art of man to govern man. One of the deepest statesmen of any epoch (Mr. Ap'Mutton) has frequently been heard (by Dr. Shoe) to declare, that though he had served (which, in Muttonian, signifies, admonished and guided) many monarchs and other divers potentates, and been so long a journeyman in his art, and (justly) reputed a master, yet he (Ap'M.) found himself (with his accustomed modesty this was urged—as Dr. Shoe remembers well) a novice, affairs of state, like all other things sub-lunary, being subject to vicissitude—or words to that effect. "The wisdom of one day" (Dr. Shoe gives the remainder in Mr. Ap'Mutton's own unapproachable phrase) "may be the folly of another, and the week succeeding may be school-mistress to the week preceding, in matter of EXPERIENCE, that great looking-glass of wisdom and policy." A complaint from his revered chief, about the publication in the *Moniteur* of a certain preface, has put it in to the brain of Dr. Shoe to prelude his hebdomadal task with the foregoing homily. Mr. Ap'Mutton did not write THAT preface. He (Ap'M.) knew Julius Cæsar too intimately, and Napoleon I. too intimately, to be unaware that the ONLY resemblance between them was in the fact that both were sensuous. Dr. Shoe has the *Carmen*, 29 ("Quid hoc potest videre, &c."), and the *Carmen*, 57 ("Pulchre convenit improbis, &c."), of Catullus, at his finger's ends (the *Carmen* 92:—

"Nil nimium studeo, Cæsar, tibi velle placere,
Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo"—

is supposed to have been composed by Mr. Ap'Mutton). It is also well known that Cæsar was taller than Napoleon, by at least a hand; and that their respective noses had little in common. But the difficulty of the art, *Hominem homini imperare*, is shown in the difficulty Mr. Ap'Mutton (a man fit to cope with Emperors and lions) has in governing the eminent, but mysterious and vacillating man with whom he (Ap'M.) is now on sojourn, and whom he honors by calling his "Imperial chum," although just as socially familiar with the Kaiser, the Czar, the Sultan of the Turks, and the Cæsars of the East and West (China, Japan and the Brazils), to say nothing of that perverse Abraham Lincoln—at whose pressing solicitation, he (Ap'M.), when the *Book* is out, is going to Washington, en route for Richmond. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe, without further preamble, impinges the aftercoming:—

OWAIN AP'MUTTON!!!

"Haere ra e to maten pukapuka pikau aroka Ki a Kuini Wikitoria Rangatira o Ingarangi o Nui Tirenī. Tena Koe, konton ko to whanau, to hoa hoki i te mate. Kua rongu maton ki te marenatanga o to tamaiti o Piriniha Arapata Erueti o Weri, kua rongu hoki maton ki te koango o to iwi Pakeha ki to rana marenatanga ko Pirinihiha Arehanara o Tenemaka. Kei whakahawea koe ki te kupa aroha o te iwi itī. Ko te iwi i iti ko te aroha i nui kora maton e rongu tonu nui ki au ture. Ka mate a Horace Mayhew iho tuna kupu. I muri nei kia atawhai tangata, kei te noho mahara tonu maton ki te kupu ako ato maton tupuna, kei te aroha tonu maton ki o maton hoa Pakeha. Kei noakurerea e te Piriniha o Weri to tikunga atawhai tangata. Ma te Atua koe e tiaki e te whaea o nga iwi ma o nga ki tea. Mana koe e tiaki i runga i ta kōa i te ranguarie, kia 'rite o ra kia. Rehua te ora roa, kia kite koe i te paniga o nga tamariki o au tamariki o nga iwi hoki kua tukua nei e Ihowa ki a koe. Heoi ano o Mayhew. Na o tamariki na nga Maori o katipere.

"Pita te Hori, William Nihil, Arapata Koki X., Psihipl, Paora Taki, Tanenakatira, Kupini Gorkuri, Thaia Taiawa, Manahi X., Operahama Te Ahiki X., Kora Mati X., Matiu X., Ha Pakiku Kairna, Horomona i Wingau, Rorota u one tumati u aw te pere, Wire mu teuki te wiri Hana, Henaie ta Whiri, Hapurona Taukata."

Dr. Shoe has telegraphed the foregoing to Mr. Ap'Mutton, who has the gift of tongues polyglotistically. Dr. Shoe only comprehends (glibly) the European languages, those of Asia Minor, and those of either side Caucasus.

TO THE MOST PUSSANT, HIGH, BUT UNASHOEMING, DR. TAYLOR SHOE!

These following, &c., &c.—"No coppers" is correct, barring the "d" at the end of the £. s. That d—s the pith of "coppers is low." D standing for pence, and pence being translated, meaning "coppers," that d—s above is for "derides." I thought you, Shoe, might fill up the vacancy with 2 or 3 other letters. Brava, "Ex-soprano," vous avez

raison, ma sœur professionnelle. Shoe! that fragment wanting slips 1 and 5 to complete it is very good,—something à la Hamlet's advice to the players—(stage, not *pianoforte*). What a clever boy that "Luclius" must have been,—quite a "Donato" of poetry—but then he had the other leg to stand on if he liked, I suppose. I happen to have heard a few of his verses, and found them to *halt* very much in the metre, *being short of a foot*. "Dartle Old" is very good to show us how witty *Le Siècle* can be. When I was a girl (that's some 85 years ago) I learnt *La bella lingua d'Italia*, and my revered master impressed upon me, and personal observation convinced me, that there was no "k" in that language, "che" being equivalent. Then why "Sulla poppa del mio brick?" Eighty-five years have brought many changes, and, perhaps on the principle of brevity being the soul of wit, "k" for "che" among the number. Had it been Brig, or Smack, I might have thought in my imperfect knowledge it was "On the stern of my vessel" or perhaps "yacht." I am but a lowly worm, and open to conviction. "Ta, ta, Shoe; may the blessings of an appreciative "£. s." follow thee in thy walk through this "valley of tears." Herewith another "Spring blossom":—

"Owain Ap' is not only of "Mutton" the best,
But by all who his "ina" please,
(And who, O ma conscience, will care for the rest),
He is also acknowledged "the cheese."

Don't you call that "fine," "Shoe?"

L. S. D.

Dr. Shoe by no means calls that "fine." When Mr. Ap'Mutton is in want of a rhyming historiographer he (Ap'M.) will certainly not apply to L. S. D. Mr. Old may answer for himself. Dr. Shoe by no means (respectfully) finds him (Old) good (except for nothing), nor *Le Siècle* "witty," on the strength of an infamously rancid *mot*.

In revenge, Dr. Shoe has stumbled over the undercoming, which lay in a corner of Mr. Ap'Mutton's fourth quarter (King and Beard):—

MIXTURE.

A certain Quatremire Dijonval, in book about spiders (*Araneology*) told a very pretty story about a spider. B's denial thereof. What would he have said to *Eurioso*?

In England there has arisen too grave a sympathy for B. to admit of serious acceptance of such romance.

In preface—this and Schindler's biography supplementary to each other! Poor fellow; not that Schindler—the Beethoven-Boswell ("ami de Beethoven")—is very remarkable.

An art novel—not a biography—see page 9. Description of Wegeler the student—one might fancy one was reading the introductory chap. to one of the late G. P. R. James's novels.

Wegeler exalting himself on B's shoulders—Midwife Muller—Midwife Glover—(panders)—Wegeler's sketch of B's life? Ries (F.), Notizen—Lenz, *Trois styles*—Beethoven Literature—O. Jahn and Thayer—Oulibicheff.

B. could write nothing not *obligato*—M. W. 661 (56).

Bach, "the great father of harmony" (B), do.

The two most *bond fide*, *quand même*, hero-worshippers in music—Oulibicheff-Mozart, Lenz-Beethoven. SNAIL.

"Mixture indeed!" Mixture with a vengeance. Dr. Shoe would call it *Extracts from the Diary of a Lunatic*. "Snail" forsooth! Why not spider?

THE BROKEN-WINDED PHYSIOLOGY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SIR,—What a burlesque it is to fancy that Dr. anybody's lozenges can strengthen the voice! If it were true, what stentorian lungs the present age ought to have. But, alas! throat-noises and bad breath are so common. How comes it, too, that your favorite correspondents absolutely jeer at the singing both at home and abroad; they tell us that there are scarcely voices competent to sustain operatic parts. Perhaps a few more lozenges are wanted before the art can flourish as it used to do. We have musical institutions enough putting forth high claims to public favor, but not one of them do more than the R. A. M. has done, and unfortunately little has been done here. Not because the masters are inadequate to teach singing—this they can do well—but because the system of voice-culture is defective; nay, more, it is a specimen of broken-winded physiological straining of diseased organs, so that unless persons happen to be healthy, the chance is that bronchitis, consumption, &c., are the most prominent and certain results of years study and expense. What a comforting return, with the additional advantage of having excellent patronage to give up, and reduced to private instruction for sixpence per hour. This is the end of more than half the professional pupils of these liberal institutions. If people would repose more in facts than in customs, they would discover that about one in thirty pupils appear as public-singers. The reason is that the system of teaching harbours diseases in the vocal organs instead of

eradicating them. I am so sure of this fact that I will offer £100 to any professor of these institutions to prove that any pupil who has entered them for the express purpose of ultimately "coming out," might under my system of voice development restoration be singled out as having a full and vibrative quality of voice *if allowed to sing in public!* This at once establishes my right to brand the customary physiology of the voice in the manner I have done. The medical profession ought to look into the subject more attentively, whilst our excellent Government should be awake to the importance of the fact that voice and respiration are one and the same thing, inasmuch as the former is only a dynamic extension of the latter.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,
G. F. FLOWERS, M.B. (Oxon.)

Dr. Shoe (respectfully) thought that Flowers had withered. He (Shoe) dreamed, the other day, that he was communing with his (Flowers') ghost. Dr. Shoe is glad to be put right. About singing, however, he (Flowers) must commune with Mr. Ap'Mutton, who taught Nero well, and could teach Flowers still better—nay, if his (Ap'M.) memory could possibly fail him at any pinch, would have forgotten more than Flowers ever knew. Did Flowers ever hear Antar, the Destroyer of Horsemen, sing? Mr. Ap'Mutton was with him (Antar) and his (Antar's) brother, Shiboo—who came forth like a male ostrich—when he (Antar), before King Zobeir, celebrated his (Antar's) passion for Ibla, in verse rhythmically chanted:—

"This flame is for Ibla, O, my friend! Her lustre illumines the darkest night. She blazes, &c."

The destroyer of horsemen defied chalk, and yet he had not received lessons from Flowers—only a hint or so from Mr. Ap'Mutton.

THE GOLDONI DINNER.

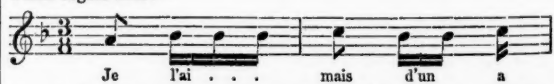
"And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done."—John Gilpin.

Of course I yelled at the Edinburgh Castle.

Write a letter from Ponny Mayhew, vindicating me from being wrong at the dinner. He was there, and punching Dr. Rug's occiput. Call it "An Occiput for a Oreiput." I believe that the entire boiling of us could be sent to Colney Hatch on the evidence of a file of the *M. W.* But we should be very jolly there if they let us be together and gave us tobacco.

What is the difference between a bachelor and *Numero 100*?

Clay may not write good music, I know nothing about that; but why this proves to — that Clay has not the "tact" to manage an association, is one of the chorleyfied chorleyisms that outchorley chorleyfollification. I don't write good music—yes I do, my song which begins thus:—



is good; but if I wrote worse (or verse), I could manage an association. — may L. N. C. B. Ask Mark Lemon what that means. He says he'll have it on a seal, to answer impertinent folks.

ZAMIELS OWL.

The letter from Ponny Mayhew shall be written. The difference between a bachelor and *Numero 100* is, Dr. Shoe thinks (respectfully), this:—one is single, you see, the other is double, you see. Clay *does* write good music—music that pleases Dr. Shoe, and can raise a patronising smile even from Mr. Ap'Mutton; but that (Dr. Shoe opines) is no reason why he (Clay) should manage an association. Mr. Owl's song would be better for the omission of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th notes; but that is no reason why he (Owl) should not manage an association. Dr. Shoe (respectfully) is at a twist to understand Mark Lemon's motto.

THE TWO MOST ANCIENT EMPIRES, &c.

Sir Timothy Branch would be obliged if Mr. Ap'Mutton would inform him whether Chaldea was situated south or north of Bablylonia; also which are the most ancient monarchies of the world, and if Chaldaea is one of them; and if not, why—or at least wherefore. Sir Timothy is sorry to trouble; but he is anxious to be enlightened on these points, and knows of no so likely an authority as the learned and judicious Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton.

Dr. Shoe regrets Mr. Ap'Mutton's protracted absence at the Tuileries, but being dissatisfied with the preface to the *Life of Julius Caesar*, recently exhibited in the columns of the *Moniteur*, he (Ap'M.) remains in the hope of persuading Napoléon III. to reject it, for one which he (Ap'M.) had composed, at the urgent request of him

(Napoléon). Dr. Shoe is aware that Mr. Ap'Mutton was on intimate terms with Tiglath Pileser I.—whose annals he (Ap'M.) has done out of hieroglyph—and knew all about the matter. Mr. Ap'Mutton also resided several centuries at Ur, Erech, Calneh and Elaser (alternately). Dr. Shoe's impression is that the early Chaldean monarchy was seated at the southern extremity of Mesopotamia, along the shores of the Persian Gulf; and to this conclusion he is led, not exclusively by the anxious polyscopy with which he (Shoe) has looked at the cuneiform inscriptions, but by passages (which he remembers pointing out to Mr. Horace Mayhew, at the Fish and Volume) from Strabo, Pliny, &c., and above all, Ptolemy. Moreover, what says Isaiah the Prophet?—"The Chaldeans, whose cry is their ships." Now ships sail not on high mountains, but on deep seas. On his return, however, no doubt Mr. Ap'M. will further enlighten Sir Timothy Branch.

SEVEN ANSWERS TO MR. AP'POODLE.

No. 1.

SIR,—So Mr. Ap'Poodle, "and a few constant readers of the *M. W.*," are tired of the Papean letters. Then why do they read them? Suppose that "myself and great many constant readers" are not tired of them, what then? In attributing them to the members of the C. P. band, Mr. Ap'Poodle pays them a compliment, which, judging from the insulting tone of his letter, I am sure he does not intend. To write a few lines, fit for the press, would indeed "be a fearful trial for many." From his remarks, it is quite clear that he has never heard any member of the C. P. band play a solo, not even Herr Papé. If he had heard Papé, Wells, Watson, Phasey, and Crozier, he would have spoken otherwise. Perhaps he will tell us who plays better than Mr. Phasey, and how many equals Mr. Crozier has. I have always heard that Phasey has no equal, and that Crozier has but one superior. If Mr. Ap'Poodle is "fatigued" with these letters, what a pity he added to them by writing so unjustly about Papé, who, though miles from Lazarus in point of tone, and from Tyler in execution, is still a very creditable artist.

I am, Sir, &c.,

CERBERUS.

O. AP'MUTTON, Esq.

No. 2.

SIR,—Does anybody care whether Mr. Ap'Poodle is "fatigued" or not? This is a free country, and therefore I am free to surmise that Ap'Poodle is some member of the C. P. band who can't play, and would gladly have it supposed that he is quite up to the rest. Even an ordinary non-musical listener must hear that the Dutch leader (Wedemeyer) is conspicuous for defective intonation, but as he is the leader, people naturally assume that the other fiddlers are still worse. O, Goroo! O, my heart alive! Same with the horns. O, my! The first's a Dutchman. Lawks!—I am, Sir, &c.,

A HOUND.

No. 3.

SIR,—Never believe that any one in the C. P. band wrote those letters which Mr. Poodle ignorantly imputes to them. What in the world can the best players in Mann's band care about solo playing there? Mr. Crozier did not make his reputation in *Sydenham*, but in the opera band, and neither he nor Mr. Phasey (who made his name in London, and not in *Sydenham*) depends upon *Sydenham*, but upon London for his reputation. If any member of that band wrote those letters, depend upon it, it was somebody who has no reputation anywhere. Crozier and Phasey are above it; besides the former is brought forward oftener now; Phasey not once since August. Fair!—I am, Sir,

WIDEAWAKE.

No. 4.

SIR,—As not only your own income but also the prosperity of the *Musical World* depends upon Mr. Ap'Poodle's fourpence, I don't know what you'll do now he's so "fatigued." Let's hope he'll rally! A tonic would be well thrown in just now. It's odd that the letters which have knocked him up, have quite re-established my health, but I don't think he's right in thinking that any member of any band wrote them, for musicians are generally a most illiterate set. Even Mr. Ap'Poodle's letter is far from perfect, indeed so far from perfect that one is tempted to fancy that he was once a musician. I wonder if he can spell *phlegm*!—I am,

SYNTAX.

No. 5.

SIR,—Mr. Ap'Poodle's letter affords a fine proof that it is possible to be brief without being witty. Who does he mean by the "regulars?" He can't mean the soloists, because they are some of them provokingly irregular in their attendance, as Manns could tell you. He can't mean the rest of the musicians, because all the letters which seem to have exhausted him so much, have had the principals alone for their subject. He is wrong about Mann's owing Papé a grudge. It is Papé who has a grudge against Manns, and always threatens to go if he isn't constantly brought forward. Indeed, Mr. Ap'Poodle's letter is so very bad that one fancies some irritated tenth-rate fiddler must have written it.—I am, Sir,

SNAP.

No. 6.

DEAR AP'MUTTON,—Come home immediately. When Cour de Lion returned from the Crusades he found his kingdom in a distracted state; and when you come back from Paris you'll find everything and everybody going, if not gone, to rack and ruin. What do you think Dr. Shoe has gone and done? He's gone and let all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the metropolis into your *Musical World*. He has gone and impinged no end of letters from Heaven knows who, which have sapped the foundations of everything, and set everybody by the ears. It is chiefly in the Crystal Palace that these frightful effects are most apparent. Fiddle strings snap in all directions, producing among the audience violent attacks of "jerks," hitherto thought peculiar to Methodist "revivals." The violoncellos neglect all their "points"—points of discord excepted. The clarionets emit the most unexpected and apparently involuntary squeaks, while the drummer, in his just indignation, mistakes everything and everybody for his drum, and lays about him right and left. In short, the "Davenport Brothers" were nothing to what is daily witnessed in the Crystal Palace, for there's been (if I may be allowed the expression) quite a "set out," and of course Herr Manns is more than ever determined never to allow either Mr. Wells or Mr. Phasey to play a solo. Mr. Ap'Poodle is quite justified in insinuating that they can't play, and that is exactly what Herr Manns is driving at. Had he more frequently called upon them to exhibit, Mr. Ap'Poodle would perhaps have had an opportunity of hearing that they can play, and extremely well too, Mr. Phasey, having, I believe, no equal. Whenever Wells does perform, he quite takes the shine out of Herr Pape, and probably it offends Mr. Manns' German ear to hear how much more his English flutist is applauded than his German clarinetist. Mr. Ap'Poodle does not seem well up in his subject, and Dr. Shoe should not have let him in, but that's just like him, and, therefore—

"Come tack! come tack! I cry in grief,
Across the Straits of Dover,
And I'll forgive my bony chief,
Although he is a rover."

The above is from an unpublished poem by Dartle Old, Esq.

Goo.

No. 7.

SIR,—The full venom of Mr. Ap'Poodle's letter has only just burst upon me in all its enormity. His spiteful remarks prove either that he has never heard Mr. Pape play, or that, having heard him, he is unable to appreciate his indisputable excellence. Whoever has heard him, and is capable of appreciating him, will admit that he is no contemptible artist.—I am, Sir,

DARTLE OLD.

As Dr. Shoe thinks (respectfully) that Mr. Ap'Poodle is able to smite down all these Seven Champions with one lance, and the lance not shiver to his hand, he (Shoe) leaves them to his (Ap'Poodle's) lancing. Mr. Ap'Poodle is a cousin (777 times removed) of Mr. Ap'Mutton, and therefore no formidable antagonist. He (Ap'P.) has frequently unhorsed Dr. Septimus Wind—not to name Sir Sagamore le Desirous, Sir Dodinas le Savage, Sir Floll of the Out Isles, and Sir Petipace of Winchelsea.

*Dr. Shoe stops the press for the following (just come to foot):—"Mr. Horace Mayhew presents his respectful compliments to Dr. Shoe, and encloses two epigrams impromptu":—

"EPIGRAMS IMPROMPTU.

No. 1.

"I would not be attacked by Hannay
For a very great deal of money."

No. 2.

"I would not be attacked by Yates,
Who has broken a good many pates."

Dr. Shoe impinges the two epigrams impromptu, and will be glad to receive further deposits (accompanied with precipt).

Taylor Shoe.

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OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

"Another feature of the concert was the second act of Verdi's *Troatore* given with costumes and scenic adjuncts, which introduced, for the first time on any stage, Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Howard Glover's talented pupil, in the character of Azucena. It is difficult for a debutante to exhibit her talents to the best advantage at a first appearance; and yet, in the presence of a highly-discriminating audience, Miss Soldene came off with flying colours, and left little doubt that she is destined to occupy a very high position on the lyric boards. Miss Soldene's voice is a mezzo soprano, of fine quality, and moreover, has the true dramatic ring in it, which few mere concert-room singers in this country can boast of. Miss Soldene, too, is an excellent musician, and has been trained with the greatest care in the best school—the Italian school—the knowledge of which Mr. Howard Glover, her master, obtained in Italy, where he resided and studied for several years. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that Miss Soldene enunciates and pronounces in the most desirable manner, and that her method is free from almost all faults with which English singers are justly charged. It was not to be expected that the young aspirant for public honours would reach perfection on the occasion of her first attempt; but while close scrutiny could not fail to detect certain deficiencies in Miss Soldene's performance there was so large an amount of intelligence in what she sang and acted, so full a measure of meaning in her look and motion, that all but the most sceptical must have felt that an artistic nature quite *hors ligne* was before them. In short, we have to congratulate Miss Soldene upon a very remarkable first appearance, the brilliant success of which, we have no doubt, will stimulate her to further exertions."—*Morning Post*, January 10th, 1865.

"It derived a special interest from the debut of Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Glover's pupil, who made her first appearance on any stage. She performed in character along with Mr. Swift, the scene in the second act of the *Troatore*, between Azucena and Maucio, in which the gipsy woman reveals her terrible story. Miss Soldene made a sensible impression as an actress and a singer. Tall, handsome, and with striking features, her personation of the gipsy was complete; and when she had got over the nervousness attending a first appearance her action was surprisingly energetic and impassioned. It was, at times, somewhat violent and exaggerated; but this is a fault we are ready to excuse in a young performer, when it is the impulse of feeling not yet sufficiently subdued by the lessons of artistic experience. Her singing is still better than her acting. She has a superb contralto voice, full, mellow, and perfect in intonation. Her vocal declamation is clear and expressive, and her whole method is evidently the result of skilful instruction and well-directed study. Her reception was enthusiastic. At the conclusion she was called before the curtain, and greeted with renewed acclamations."—*Daily News*, January 10th, 1865.

"The great feature of the concert was, however, the introduction to the public of Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Glover's, in the arduous and trying character of Azucena. This lady, ably supported by Mr. Swift as Maucio, made a strong impression upon the audience by her great and unquestionable dramatic powers, and forcible rendering of a song passion, both in look and gesture. Her voice, though rather limited in range and deficient of that ringing and penetrative quality which seems essential to a first-rate vocalist, has very great sweetness of tone, and has evidently been so carefully trained that she has perfect command over it. In a smaller house than Drury Lane we can imagine that Miss Soldene's style of acting would produce even a greater impression than it did yesterday, when, at the fall of the curtain, she was recalled amidst as hearty, genuine, and enthusiastic demonstrations of applause as ever greeted a debutante."—*Morning Advertiser*, January 10, 1865.

"Another interesting feature was the first appearance on the stage of Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Glover's gifted and clever pupil, of whose talents we have spoken on more than one occasion in terms of no measured praise. Miss Soldene has one of the finest contralto voices that can now be heard, and she sings with a thorough knowledge of vocalisation. Few young singers, indeed, can boast of the same amount of musical acquirement, an acquirement without which no one can ever become a great artist. Of course Miss Soldene is new to the stage, but that she had studied acting every body must have felt who saw her on Monday, and that she possesses the true dramatic instinct, no one can doubt for a moment. The character selected by this young aspirant for her preparatory stage essay, is, to our thinking, an unusually difficult one, being no other than Azucena in the *Troatore*, a part which many have attempted, and in which very few have succeeded. The second act of the gipsin, but this involved nearly all the best music of the old gipsy, as our readers cannot fail to remember. Without entering into particulars we may say that a more remarkable debut, as a dramatic singer, than that of Miss Emily Soldene on Monday, at Drury Lane, we cannot recall. The young lady pleased and surprised all who heard and saw her. The duet with Maucio (Mr. Swift), 'Ma nell' alma dell' ingrato,' was unanimously re-demanded, and Miss Soldene was summoned before the footlights with great enthusiasm twice at the conclusion."—*Standard*, January 13th, 1865.

"It afforded an opportunity for the first appearance on the lyric stage of Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, whose voice had been previously heard at these concerts, but who had never before attempted a dramatic impersonation. She appeared as Azucena in the scene with Maucio in the second act of the *Troatore*, and may be congratulated upon having made a most successful debut as an operatic singer. She possesses very considerable personal advantages, and to these are allied obvious dramatic instinct and vocal skill. Her rendering of the music was irreproachable; her rich contralto voice is an organ such as few contemporary singers possess; her intonation is faultless; her executive powers are considerable, and the pure Italian quality of her style reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Howard Glover's careful and skilful tuition. Her dramatic delineation of the gipsy was full of points of excellence; her acting needs a little of that toning down which practice and experience can alone effect, but it is evident that she will hold a very prominent rank among lyric artists. Miss Emily Soldene was called for at the end of the scene and greeted with very hearty applause, and there could be no question that her success was complete and most deserved."—*Morning Star*, January 11th, 1865.

The matinee, however, was marked by a debut which deserves some special notice. It is so seldom, indeed, that we find histrionic talent in our English vocalists, that we are bound to call attention to every instance in which a young singer evinces any capacity for acting. That Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, has dramatic stage capability of a high order, was abundantly manifested in the long scene

from *Il Troatore*, in which she, on this occasion, made her first appearance on any stage. That she possesses too, the physical advantages of a handsome face, and tall, well-proportioned figure, was sufficiently perceptible through the dusky disguise of Azucena. In voice she is almost equally well-gifted, and she has evidently been carefully trained."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 14th, 1865.

"Its most interesting feature was the debut of Mr. Glover's pupil, Miss Emily Soldene, who performed, along with Mr. Swift, the scene in the second act of the *Troatore* between Azucena and Maucio. In this scene, which affords great scope for impassioned acting as well as vocal power, Miss Soldene made a strong impression on the audience. She has a fine contralto voice, sings like an accomplished musician, and promises to become a lyrical tragedian of the first class."—*Illustrated London News*, January 14th, 1865.

"The great feature, however, of the entertainment was its opening portion, consisting of the second act of the *Troatore*, and the marked impression that was made in it by the debutante, Miss Emily Soldene. We have never witnessed a first appearance that was more eminently successful. In one respect, indeed, it was quite unique in our experience. Such entire self-possession and perfect command of all resources we have never before seen in a novice. Years of the severest application and of the most flattering success have failed to give many a singer and actress the great advantage which this young lady starts with. There was no difficulty, therefore, in accurately judging of her claims. We may say, without reserve, that she is marked by two distinctions. She possesses, in the first place, a very pleasing voice—a rather light mezzo-soprano—very full and agreeable in quality, if not remarkable for range—and she enjoys, in the next place, and still more notably, an unusual amount of dramatic power. Indeed, her qualifications in this respect are quite as striking and as extraordinary as that of her self-possession. In depth of feeling and force of expression she has some of the highest attributes of a tragic lyric artist, and certainly to an immeasurable extent beyond anything we have seen in an English singer for many years. What imagination she possesses we could only judge from an entire performance. Her vocal method, as well as her general state of efficiency, we need not say, are sufficiently vouched for by the reputation of her master. We are inclined, therefore, to augur highly of this young lady's future efforts. Certainly, if her development vocally and dramatically bears any relation to her outset, not only Mr. Glover, but our lyric stage, is to be congratulated on her first appearance."—*Weekly Dispatch*, January 15th, 1865.

"We have great pleasure in recording the complete success of Miss Emily Soldene who made her first appearance on any stage as Azucena, in the second act of *Il Troatore*. In the first place, while sincerely congratulating the young lady herself, upon the uncommon dramatic intelligence she possesses, a just tribute must be paid to Mr. Howard Glover, under whose able tuition Miss Soldene has been so well prepared for her future career, and by whom her talent has been so satisfactorily developed. The young debutante's exertions were received with loud applause, and her entrance into public life was an unusually promising one."—*Era*, Jan. 15, 1865.

"There were two special features in the programme, the one was the duet in character from the *Troatore*, sung by Miss Emily Soldene (Azucena), and Mr. Swift (Maucio). The new contralto revealed a dramatic instinct and power which bids fair to place in a very high position in the lyric world. She is a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, who has reason to be as proud of her debut as the audience were evidently struck with her capabilities for the operatic stage."—*The Queen and Lady's Newspaper*, January 14th, 1865.

"Among so many established celebrities were some performers almost unknown to fame, but whose merits, for that very reason, need some description and encouraging praise. Foremost of these was Miss Emily Soldene, whom nature has gifted with a rich and beautiful voice. Ranging from E natural below the treble lines to B natural above them, it embraces the best registers of both contralto and soprano, and better still, is evenly good throughout; and Miss Emily Soldene's voice is not only voluminous in quality, but, what is very rare, with such organs, flexible into the bargain, a voice in short quite *hors ligne*. The lady is, moreover, endowed with great musical sensibility, and strong feeling for dramatic expression. With such advantages, it will be strange indeed if she achieve not, presently, the highest eminence as a singer; though there may still be much (Miss Soldene is very young) for careful industry to accomplish.

On the present occasion, although she appeared very late in the programme, her fresh and lovely voice made a marked impression in Meyerbeer's *Nobli Signor*; while a very rapid cadence at the end, extending over two octaves, showed that she had already considerable mechanical skill no less than great physical means. Miss Emily Soldene, who was materially aided by the masterly accompaniment of Mr. Benedict, was loudly applauded at the termination of her charming performance."—*Morning Post*, June 11th, 1864.

"Miss Emily Soldene, who is a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, sang 'Non più mesta' so charmingly that she was enthusiastically recalled. She has a fresh and delightful voice and considerable executive power, and her style clearly shows that she is an artist from whom much may be looked for in the future."—*Morning Star*, Oct., 1864.

"Miss Emily Soldene (who is, we learn, a pupil of Mr. Glover's) is a young performer of very great merit, and gives promise of distinguished excellence. She sang the finale of the *Cenerentola*, 'Non più mesta,' with a beauty of voice and brilliancy of execution which produced a general call for its repetition—a call which she modestly refrained from complying with."—*Daily News*, October, 1864.

"Mollie's 'O that my woes,' was sung by Mr. H. Glover's clever pupil, Miss Emily Soldene."—*The Times*, June, 1864.

"The second act of the *Troatore* was repeated in consequence of the very great effect Miss Emily Soldene produced as Azucena at the last concert, and the unqualified praise bestowed upon her by the Press. This time Mr. D. Miranda, not Mr. Swift, was Maucio. From Miss Soldene's second performance we can more confidently predict that, with extreme attention to her studies and a deaf ear turned to the flattering of friends, a high position awaits her on the lyric stage. She has voice, style, musical feeling, and dramatic expression, and apparently the power—rare in a novice—of concentrating attention to her business on the boards. Fortunately she cannot be placed in the hands of a better instructor than Mr. Howard Glover."—*Musical World*, Feb. 4, 1865.

All applications respecting engagements for Operas, Oratorios, or Concerts, to be addressed to Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON'S Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.